

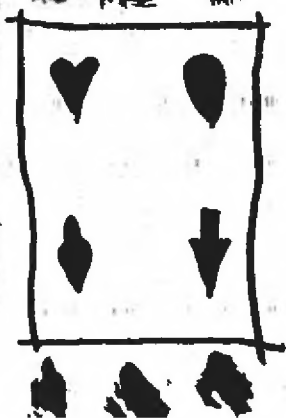
subliminally related notes & sketches

RED EYE

JOURNAL

No. 3
Vol. 1

NO
science
no
glue no
woman
not a
fucking thing
to live
for except
the
ultra-
artistic
inkwell
and my
grand-
mothers



Gross - I like it...

Saturday Night

Dearest Darling,
Fuck off.

Sincerely,
Lover B



PHOTOS BY NEEGEE.

OUCH - DO it again...

How disgusting - I want it...

Is it possible that my generation
is actually in such mass
despair? Did someone really
leave the window
open, letting that
ill wind blow through
our house to spread the
word, NERVE. Have we
really made some
grotesque transition
from crooning, "Oh yeah baby
my sweet you're the sweetest
thing I could ever meet,"
to unleashing primal
screams which plead with
fury, "You are the one I
call out to from the abyss"?
From Ella Fitzgerald to Godflesh?

Fuck off - please stay... love me.

Those who need scars to validate their pain are either dim of memory or exhibitionists. The best/worst/most dramatic scars tend to be like bludgeoning, painless. That which is not felt does not help to grow. Of course, it is quite an ordeal to have to go through life headless, but did you wave hello through the tears?

The clouds in the sky formed a backwards 666 in the night. You know it's a message for the man upstairs... from our man downstairs. Our man has evidently gained control of everything at cloud-level and below. He's rising up, going all the way. You know he's got the surface, just look around... The faithful call an emergency meeting. A gavel banged for order and the chairman intoned solemnly, "The situation is critical." All frowned.

WHEN LIFE CALLS, I OFTEN FIND MYSELF
TAKING THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK...



FA91

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YOU ARE ALREADY WYNCHAP